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TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1917.

Kerensky and the Hohenzollern

Strange Contrast Between the Men Facing Each Other on The Russian Frontier.

WILLIAM OF THE HOHENZOLLERN AUTOCRACY. KERENSKY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

Kerensky of Russia, in a public statement to the Russian revolutionists, announces that "the fateful hour for Russia has struck." The Germans have made a hole ten miles long and eight miles deep into the Russian line of defense.

Kerensky hastens to the front to inspire the broken revolutionary ranks, if he can.

Emperor William goes to the front to continue the war, to direct the blows of his army against the great Russian revolutionary bubble.

Nothing is more interesting in the whole of human history than the contrast of these two men, facing each other and fighting each other across the border.

Kerensky, strong mentally, weak physically, takes you back to the day when a thin, yellow-faced boy, suffering from the itch and named Napoleon Bonaparte, went to Italy to win glory and power, defeating the Austrians.

Emperor William, with his Prussian phalanx, his devoted troops from all Germany, his Austrian-Bulgarian allies obedient to his will, recalls, as he approaches Russia, the Greek Alexander entering Persia.

HOHENZOLLERN.

He represents a great saber called Prussia. Back of him in a long line stretch royal fighters—his ancestors, including Frederick the Great, of many victories, and others less victorious, of whom Napoleon made a joke.

This powerful man includes within himself the energy and quickness of democracy—he has worked with his people, with the merchants. He includes the great and dangerous power of absolute autocracy.

He is beloved with fanatic affection by his people, who believe that he has made their prosperity, their nation, and will give them their salvation.

At the same time he is their "War Lord," they must obey him, live or die, fight or stop when he tells them.

Every blow that he delivers comes with the entire force of Prussia, all the force that all the German armies and allies can deliver. Every ounce of powder is back of the blow. His enemies are divided in purpose. His intelligent allied armies work under him as one.

KERENSKY.

A Prussian nobleman would tell you that Kerensky came from nowhere. He is a mixture of blood, with a singleness of purpose.

His friends would tell you that he came from the heart of Russia.

Thus far he is the greatest, the most powerful figure in the Russian revolution. He is its inspiration, its thought. Probably he will be one of its early victims. More than once already, those that he would seek to free, have tried to murder him.

He is prime minister and practical dictator of the great awkward republic that is torn by treason, ambition, and difference of opinion.

He is minister of war, rules an army in which the soldiers elect their officers, shoot them when they please, fight one day, and the next embrace their enemies and borrow brandy from them.

Kerensky is fighting to weld into one fighting mass forty nationalities, a thousand ideals, three dozen different languages. Simple compared to his task was that of the ancient alchemist seeking to make a solid of the volatile mercury—before men knew that a sufficient degree of cold would do it.

A sufficient degree of misery, suffering, slaughter, hunger and anarchy will make the Russian republic solid—but Kerensky probably will not live to see it.

You see these two faces, read these brief descriptions and say: "Kerensky and Russia have no chance. German autocracy, Prussian power, the will to conquer will win."

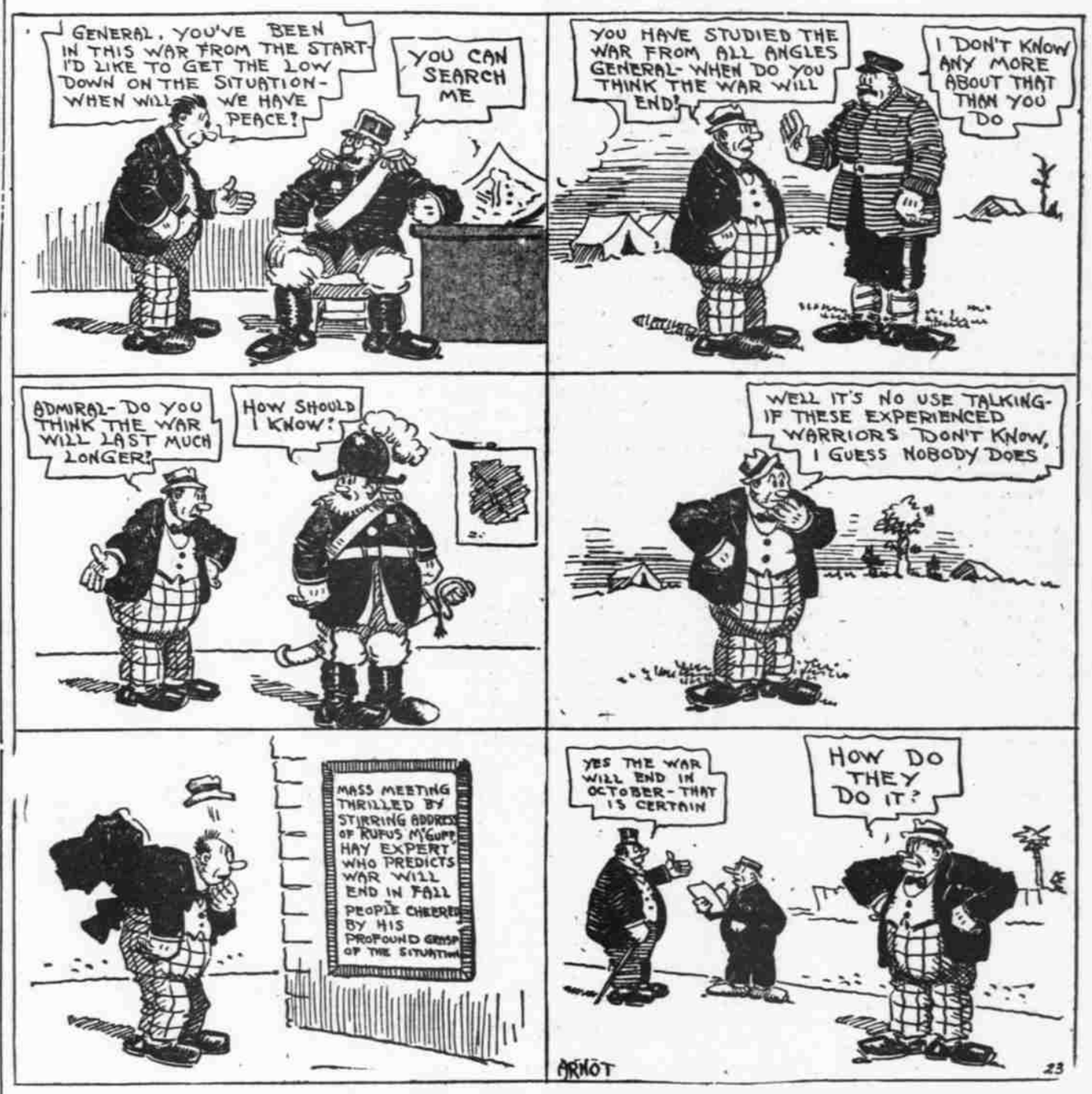
Hohenzollern represents autocracy, force, coercion, concentration.

Kerensky represents the ideal, human hope and belief in the possibility of freedom and kindness. Kerensky struggles against odds. But as certainly as you hold this paper men now living will see the day when the Kerensky idea will be realized, and the Hohenzollern idea will have disappeared.

Russia of today, troublous, fighting, disorganized, will be the great power of another day. Kerensky will probably never live to see it. Treason, jealousy or blind fanaticism will kill him.

But the men for whose liberty he has worked will, in a powerful Russian republic, live side by side eventually with a republic of Germany. Intelligence wins all wars in the long run.

How Do They Do It?



Just a Discussion on Raising Children

Don't Spare the Rod, But Use It on Parent for Bringing Youngster to Place Where He Will Annoy Grown-ups by His Natural Actions, Is One Argument Advanced.

By Elizabeth Jordan

The little girl who sat next Annie Wheelock and myself at a matinee last Wednesday afternoon kicked her heels and wriggled and climbed up at the absorbing passages of the play to whisper in her mother's ear, and between whiles amused herself with a nerve-racking toy, some sort of nondescript bird whirring on a stick.

It had such a disastrous effect on Annie's temper that she was still fuming when we sat down to tea a half hour later at Sherry's with Gordon Maxwell.

"That fiendish child!" she exclaimed. "If I were her mother, I'd give her a spanking that she'd remember for the rest of her life."

"What good would that do?" asked Gordon quizzically, as he lighted his inevitable cigarette.

"It would help somewhat to convince me that mushy sentimentality about child-welfare and all that sort of stuff had not entirely swept away the old-fashioned ideas of discipline," she returned sharply.

"Oh!" said Gordon. "But tell me, please, Annie, is it of the least importance to that little girl, or to the whole tribo of children, that you should see old-fashioned ideas of discipline enforced?"

Gordon and Annie are both middle-aged and unmarried. I was prepared, therefore, to listen to a discussion of the child question that promised to be interesting and for all I could tell illuminating.

"Don't be absurd," said Annie scornfully. "I'm not considering the children; it's the comfort and convenience of their elders that counts in a case like this. The idea of bringing that little pest to the theater! She spoiled the play for every one within sight or sound of her. I wondered that the ushers did not put her out."

"Isn't it her mother, then, that deserves the spanking for taking her there?" I ventured.

"My idea, exactly," agreed Gordon warmly. "If there are any penalties to be dispensed when children annoy other people in public places, let them be inflicted upon the responsible parties; in other words, those who bring them along."

"Sentimental bosh!" scoffed Annie.

"Call it that, if it makes you feel any better," he returned. "To me, however, it seems a simple matter of justice."

She Had Strong Ideas on the Old-Fashioned "Obedience" Idea.

"Justice!" She said it with an air of disdainful superiority. "Preposterous nonsense! It's just of a piece with all this silly faddism about child-welfare and child-culture. It began with kindergartens and has developed into a disease, each new, fantastic theory being succeeded by another one, like the semi-annual changes in women's fashions. Philanthropists, professional and amateur; doctors, clergymen, school teachers, psychologists, and women's societies have all, separately and collectively, invaded the field of child life; uprooted old foundations and landmarks, and covered the ground with a swarm of shacks and jerry-built villas that don't last overnight. They've formulated hygienic and sanitary and dietetic rules for the young, and they've racked their brains to think up schemes to turn good, wholesome work into play, and to make games a task. They've turned everything topsy-turvy to encourage children to evade the one lesson of a child's life—obedience. They talk and act as if their own fathers and mothers, and their fathers and mothers before them, were dolts and idiots."

"If the results as you state them are facts, it seems to me that they have correctly estimated their ancestors," I broke in with a laugh. "But don't you realize, my dear Annie, that we are living in an age in which the old order of things is passing away? To a certain extent I sympathize with your feelings and your conclusions; but whether we like it or not, it seems to me we must admit that the old adage, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' has lost its significance, at any rate, in the literal sense in which it used to be understood and applied. The process of evolution, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, has finally, and, I believe, forever, disposed of the idea of corporal punishment as a factor in the training of children, and it isn't strange that the first reaction should be toward sentimental theorizing. These fads, as you call them, are merely experiments which sooner or later will crystallize into something like a scientific system. Meantime, we must put up with the experimenters."

"You mean that the children must put up with them," protested Gordon. "To my mind, that's very much like saying that dogs and cats and rabbits and guinea-pigs must put up with the vivisectionists, and I'd like to ask you if you don't think that the kiddies are much more than the beasts of the field? That's just where the vice lies in all this dealing with the so-called child problem. It leaves out of account the fact that a child is an immortal soul endowed with a heaven-born right to develop itself in its own way. Absolutely in its own way," he turned to Annie, "but you don't consider the youngsters. In your opinion it's only the comfort and convenience of the elders that counts."

"Well, you needn't bite my head off," she snapped. Then she added rather apologetically: "Of course, what I said was an extreme statement."

He Thinks the Elders Are All Devising Means to Shirk Duty.

"No more extreme than the actual fact," Gordon replied. "It states correctly the general attitude toward children. In public and private, at home, in the school, and in the church, the primary impulse is to dispose of them so as to minimize the labor of those who are charged with the responsibility for them. I don't say that there are not exceptions among individuals and institutions, and, thank God, the number of exceptions is increasing. But I believe it to be true that the prevailing feeling about children is that, if they are not actually a nuisance, they are to be controlled and even suppressed for the benefit of the community, which means simply for the benefit of their elders. And that, to my mind, involves a wholly mistaken idea as to the welfare of the community; for in the last analysis the welfare of the community depends upon the native force and originality of the character of its individual members; in other words, upon the free, unfettered growth of the child's soul. Instead, the child is cramped by traditional standards, thwarted by adult selfishness, coerced into the acceptance of benefits alien to his own God-given convictions. To me there is no more pathetic sight in the world than that of a child in the presence of his 'elders.' I admit it may be a purely sentimental fancy, but a child with grown people always reminds me of the poor brutes imprisoned in iron cages, longing for the freedom of the fields and forests, miserable, homesick, forlorn."

"You ought to have children of your own;" Annie's voice had just the suggestion of a sneer in it; "only I am afraid they would turn out to be anything but law-abiding."

"And admitting the truth of all you say, Gordon," I said, "and I think most of it is true, what are we going to do about it?"

"Well," he confessed, with a trace of embarrassment, "I have bought an abandoned farm in New England—about 200 acres it is—with a big, old-fashioned house on it capable of being easily remodeled so as to accommodate fifty or sixty children. If it hadn't been for the war, which has so upset everybody's plans, I should have had there now the beginning of a colony of babies."

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Annie. "What could an old bachelor like you do with a colony of babies?"

"I would try," he answered, "to give them the benefit of the same training, in principle, that we give to high-bred horses and dogs—to bring out the best that is in them. No expert horse or dog trainer ignores the specific, individual points of his charges, moral as well as physical. No system of education, however, takes account of the child's individuality, his temperament, the peculiar spiritual life that belongs to him and makes him different from every other human being that ever lived. The aim of education, so-called, is to standardize the human soul. My aim will be to accept and cultivate and emphasize its differences."

"Gordon," I said, "you have hitched your wagon to a star."

Government Ownership of Street Car Companies?

By DAVID LAWRENCE.

Senator Pittman's announcement that no power exists to make the Washington Railway and Electric Company take back the striking employes except possibly Government ownership or Government regulation of this street car company, ought to be a sufficient indication to that corporation of what is coming. The street car business is either profitable or unprofitable—the answer will soon be known in definite figures when the Public Utilities Commission finishes evaluating the properties—but thus far the manner in which every suggestion of Government ownership has been fought gives the impression that the street car companies are far from losing money.

But strict governmental regulation, if not ownership, will come much sooner than the Washington Railway and Electric Company may believe if it persists in treating its employes as it has heretofore. The attitude of that concern is the very thing that will bring Government ownership. The wiser policy—and it is not too late to begin—would be to take back the striking employes, to pay them a decent wage, and to make every effort to improve the street car service that has produced such widespread complaint. The public will be glad to cooperate. Public utilities in other cities do not hesitate to educate passengers by placards and posters so that they may obtain the greatest advantage from their daily expenditure for service. The city of Washington is somewhat different from other municipalities in the demand for street car service. Thousands of Government clerks start for work between 8:30 and 9 o'clock in the morning and stop at 4:30 in the afternoon. Both street car companies put on extra cars for those emergency hours. Some day it may be found advisable for the Cabinet Secretaries to fix another schedule of hours for their clerks. Some departments could begin at 8:45, others at 9 o'clock, others at 9:15 a. m., and at the other end of the day the clerks might be permitted to leave at 4:15, then 4:30 and so on. A rotation schedule could be arranged applicable during periods of two weeks. The advantage to the Government would be that clerks would get to their offices more promptly and that the latter would get home more comfortably and more quickly in the afternoons.

Co-operation between the public and the street car companies is not difficult to obtain if the utilities would only put themselves in an accommodating frame of mind. The city of Washington is growing rapidly. The war will mean much to the development of the Nation's Capital. Berlin became a city only after the war of 1870. And as Washington expands, the need for efficient street car service is obvious. Government ownership is desirable. It can be postponed if not avoided entirely by the public utilities if they act opportunely in the public interest. It can not be postponed, if the public interest continues to be ignored.

Arithmetic of the Stars

Their Remoteness Is Almost Unthinkable, but After the Astronomers Have Got Their Parallaxes Anybody Can Work Out Their Distances.

By Garrett P. Serviss

In correcting an error that, through a slip of the pen, or of the types, or of a cog in the brain—I do not know which—crept into an article of mine about the distance of the great star Sirius, I think it would be useful to state once for all in the plainest possible way the rule by which the distance of the stars in miles can be calculated from the technical data given in astronomical works, so that everybody can help himself in this matter.

Now, let me say that if a reader should see the distance of any star given in less than fourteen figures he may be sure that there is a mistake and that the distance is understated. Alpha Centauri, probably the nearest star (except our own star, the sun) is at a distance of about 25,000,000,000,000 miles.

The basis for the calculation of the distances of the stars is furnished by the mean radius of the earth's orbit; i. e., the earth's distance from the sun. This serves for a "base line" and can be used like a surveyor's base line for measuring the angular displacement of objects viewed, in turn, from its opposite ends. In the case of the stars this displacement is called "parallax," the parallax of a star being the angle that would be subtended by the radius of the earth's orbit seen from the distance of that star. Lists of the parallaxes of the principal stars, as far as they have been ascertained, are to be found in astronomical books. The astronomer seldom takes the trouble to turn them into an expression showing the distances in miles, but this can easily be effected in the following manner:

Suppose the parallax were one second-of-arc, it would be printed thus —1".00—the two strokes resembling a quotation mark being the symbol for a second-of-arc. By the principle of angular measurement we know that an object which visually subtends one second-of-arc is at a distance from the observer equal to 206,265 times its diameter, the diameter being taken at right angles to the line of sight. Now, since the radius of the earth's orbit (look back at our definition of parallax) is 93,000,000 miles, we must multiply that number by 206,265, if the parallax is precisely one second-of-arc, and the product, 19,172,645,000,000 gives us the distance. For convenience we drop all except the first two significant figures, leaving 19,000,000,000,000, which represents, in miles, the value of the "parsec," lately adopted as the standard of measurement for stellar distances.

But in all cases star parallaxes are less than a second-of-arc, and usually but a small fraction of a second. They are expressed decimally, thus 0".10, which means that the parallax is one-tenth of a second of arc, or 0".05, which means a parallax of five one-hundredths of a second. How are you to apply the rule to these decimal, or fractional, parallaxes?

It is very easy, for all you have to do is to divide 19,000,000,000,000, the mile-value of one second, by the fraction representing the actual parallax, and the work is done. For an example, take the second case above, where the parallax is 0".05, or 5-100 of a second. Dividing 19,000,000,000,000 by this we have 380,000,000,000,000, which is the distance in miles of a star having a parallax of 0".05. You must remember to divide and not multiply by the fraction.

Here is a list of parallaxes of the most important stars chosen from those adopted by Newcomb, and it would be well to keep this list at hand:

Polaris (the North Star), 0".06; Aldebaran, 0".11; Capella, 0".09; Rigel, 0".09; Betelgeuse, 0".02; Canopus, 0".00; Sirius, 0".37; Castor, 0".20; Pollux, 0".06; Procyon, 0".30; Regulus, 0".02; Arcturus, 0".03; Alpha Centauri, 0".75; Antares, 0".02; Vega, 0".11; Altair, 0".23; Deneb, 0".00; Fomalhaut, 0".13.

By applying the rule you can calculate for yourself the respective distances of these great stars, and the variety exhibited will strike you, perhaps, with surprise. For instance, Castor, and Pollux are the celebrated pair called "The Twins." But Pollux is more than twice the distance beyond Castor that Castor is from us, and yet Pollux is the brighter of the two.

You will observe that there are three stars in the list whose parallax is represented by three zeros. This means that they are so far away that their parallaxes cannot be certainly measured, all that we know being that it is less than one-hundredth of a second. At the limit of one-hundredth of a second their parallaxes would represent a distance of 1,900,000,000,000,000 miles. But it is certain that their real distance is much greater. Moreover, there is no reason to suppose that they are at equal distances. Among them you will observe the mighty Canopus, about whose gigantic size I was writing when the error crept in concerning the distance of Sirius, which led to the present writing.